NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

IN FAIRY LAND. A Series of Pletures from the Elf-World. By RICHARD DOYLE. With a Poem by WIL-LIAM ALLINGHAM. Folio. D. Appleton & Co. As the title sufficiently indicates, the chief attraction of this book is not the poetry but the pictures. The illustrations indeed have been drawn with but slight reference to the text, and are furnished with a

little prose commentary of their own to explain their meaning. We do not know that this singularity of treatment is a fault, for in fairy tales who cares for quity of design or consistency of execution? Mr. Allingham is almost always happy in tales and songs of elves and sprites, and the airy creatures who come

"In shape no bigger than an agate stone On the foreinger of an alderman;" and this little story of "A Forest in Fairy-Land," and the loves of a fairy prince and princess, is one of the prettiest of his many sketches in a similar vein. If Allingham is a poet of the fairies Richard Doyle is still more emphatically their artist. Since Punch lost his pencil, fairy-land has nearly monopolized his best work. Here his love for the more childlike forms of beauty, the richness of his refined humor, which expresses itself most happily in comical countenances and oddities of position, and his fertility in grotesque conceits, are all delightfully combined. Take the frontispiece to the present volume. It represents a Musical Elf teaching the birds to sing. The little maestro -a lovely child's face, with long, yellow hair, and great blue eyes, and the prettiest little mouth in the world-sits on a grassy mound and beats time for the feathered choir, who stand in a circle around him or perch on an overhanging twig. What fun there is in every figure, and what a wonderful amount of expression in the birds' faces! Here is a fat little wren, lifting up his throat till he almost falls over backward. A blackbird beside him stretches forward with eager interest. A very young bird turns around to catch the note from his neighbor. A big fellow with long beak and yellow crest leans forward with a stupid stare and mouth half-open, evidently uncertain about the pitch; you can see at a glance that he has no ear for music. There is a little yellow bird, screaming at the top of his longs, strutting and spreading his wings in the intensity of his satisfaction, while an old jay next him pipes away with his eyes shut and his head wagging. like some pious deacon singing a psalm. Another picture represents the fairy prince laying his crown at the feet of his love. The princess, sitting coy and embarrassed on a toad-stool, the suitor with his retinue, and the frolicsome little elves who watch the courtship from under the leaves, have the most charming boy and girl faces, brimming over with mischief, or sober with a sort of winsome tenderness. The triumphal procession of the Eif-King is a long panorama of frolic. Here we have the sprites riding on birds, snails, and beetles, and getting thrown, while shock-headed vagabond fairies by the road-side hurrah and grin with delight at the mishaps. Two or three little rascals are teasing a butterfly. One is dancing with a squirrel. Others are rigging out a wren with ermine cloak and a royal crown. The baby-elves are getting dressed,-and some of them feeling very cross about it too,-having their stockings pulled ou, and their cloaks tied, and then being sent off by their mammas to school, or wherever elves go after such morning preparations. One great charm of these figures is in the curious combination of human and elf-like expressions in the faces and attitudes. We find in them, with all the fairy grace and lightness, perfect types of loveable, fleshand-blood children, especially the naughty boy and the prettiest of little girls, whom Doyle draws better than anybody efse-better than even Leech used to

The text of the poem is printed in large luxurious type, and the drawings, of which there are thirtyir, large and small, are grouped in sixteen plates. They are all colored, and the coloring we think is the only unsuccessful part of the book. It is only in a few cases however, that it is not pleasing-that it obscures the drawing or offends the eye by cold and inharmoniou tints. The best, though not the most striking, is perhaps the frontispiece; the worst in coloring-and it is very bad-is the large picture of the fairy-prince at the feet of the princess. Some of the countenances are almost undistinguishable under the paint, and the princess looks as if she had daubed her pretty

SHAKESPEARE'S MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.
The Designs by P. Konewka. Imperial 8vo. pp. 88.
Roberts Brothers.

Konewka's silhouette illustrations to the Midsummer-Night's Dream have been so much vaunted in advance that they must be good indeed if they do not disappoint us. And good they certainly are,not only wonderful for the skill which, with such rude materials, mere black outlines on a plain white ground, has produced such remarkable effects; but full of delicate expression and beauty, which we are tempted to eall the product of genius. The whole text of the poem is richly printed, with a red-line border. The illustrations are twenty-four in number. In the frontispiece we have Puck discovering Lysander and Hermia asleep in the wood (Act II, scene 3), a picture of charmingly delicate elaboration, the two lovers resting upon the leafy branches of the ornamental rustic work which forms the frame of the composition, while Puck trips lightly over the twigs, his finger at his lips, and his head sunning over with curls-in which it is not much of an exaggeration to say that every individual hair appears distinct. A prettier scene than this, however, and even more elaborate, is the meet ing of Puck and Fairy at the beginning of Act II. The Fairy with hair streaming and loose garments floating behind her, just spurns with her foot the top of a thistle, around which twines a branch of sweetbrier, and Puck stands upon a thistle-leaf holding up one foot with his hand, while with finger raised and mischief beaming from his face, he asks, "How now, spirit! whither wander you ?" There is an exquisite picture of Oberon when he had

- stol'n away from Fairy-Land,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Philhda,

who, half kneeling before him, rests her elbow or his knee and supports her chin upon her hands, while she drinks in the enchanted music. In several of the scenes between the human characters of the play there is a dramatic vigor almost incredible. To our taste however the most fascinating of all the pictures is a little baby-fairy mounting guard, Hence, away! now all is well. One aloof stand sentinel.

The sprite marches back and forth on the tips of a spray of wood-bine, screwing his chubby face into an expression of infantile dignity and self importance, stretching his legs to their utmost stride, and armed with a long spear of grass. There is another childpicture, hardly less happy-the baby Hermia, fighting with her playmate-

She was a vixen when she went to school, And though she be but little, she is perce.

In the comic scenes an artist like Konewka could hardly fail, for the silhouette lends itself with comparative facility to grotesque and humorous forms. The foolish old Egens laying his complaint before the Duke, his sharp nose, and tufted chin, and lifted eyebrows, and open month speaking almost as plainly as words the meanness of his character; Bottom declaiming in the 'Ercles vein, or transfigured with the ass's head to the dismay of his fellows; Quince, the carpenter, equipped as Prologue; the hard-handed man of Athens explaining how he plays the wall; the man-in-the-moon, with his dog, his lantern, and his thorn-bush; Nick Bottom as Pyramus, and best of all, perhaps, Flute, the bellowsmender, in guise of Thisbe, these are full of humor, and even without the superior elegance of the fairy scenes would have insured the success of the book. Last of all, Puck mounts upon an ink-pot, and surrounded by pens and brushes, speaks the epilogue-"If we shadows have offended," &c.

Far from it: the shadows which Mr. Konewka has cast upon these exquisfte pages are gems which will be prized with the choicest gifts of the season.

Mr. Frederick Saunders, the author of this volume,

EVENINGS WITH THE SACRED POETS: A Series of Quiet Talks about the Singers and their Songs. By the Author of "The Festival of Song." 12mo., pp. 496. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. who loves to wander in a somewhat desultory way among the alcoves of richtlibraries, and taking down his favorite volumes with reverent hands, to point out their beauties and discourse admiringly of their writers. He has given his mind a great deal to the study of poetry, in which he has a quick eye for whatever is beautiful, though not a very critical apprehension of what is truly grand. In his "Evenings with the Sacred Poets" he has attempted to present "the essence of all that is most interesting in anecdote and historic illustration, referring to the sacred poetry and hymnology of the Christian ages," with short specimens of style and extracts of special merit, though he seldom copies an entire poem. He writes pleasantly, and though he sometimes exaggerates the excellence of rather common-place productions, his "quiet talks" are almost always interesting, and convey upon the whole a pretty fair idea of the history of religious poetry and the characteristics of different schools. In his survey of the mediaval Latin poetry he is least satisfactory, partly because religious scruples have compelled him to reject the most characteristic as well as poetical of the monkish hymns,-all those in fact which refer to "the worship of the Virgin Mary, the dogma of transubstantiation, intercession of Saints, and the superstitious addresses to the material cross"-in other words, nearly everything good which that school of poetry produced-and partly because his English versions are often ill chosen. His selections under this chapter are so meager that they might at least have been enriched with St. Bernard's famous hymn, Jesu, dulcis memoria, which we are surprised to find in the chapter on German song. Mr. Saunders apparently supposes it to be a rendering of Count Zinzendorf's German paraphrase, but it is an exact translation, by the Rev. Edward Caswall, from the original Latin. In the pages devoted to Modern English and American poets, we might point out several defects, especially in the misappreciation of Tennyson's position; we might object that the poems are not always printed in their proper form; and we might find a great deal of fault with some of Mr. Saunders's critical opinions. It is pleasanter, however, to linger upon the decided merits of the work than its minor imperfections, and to dismiss it with cordial praise for its excellent spirit and generally good workmanship. The publishers have

ceptable present for the Christmas season.

given it a very elegant dress, and it will be an ac-

EPISODES OF FICTION; or, Choice Stories from the Great Novelists, with Biographical Introductions. Small 4to, pp. 304. Virtue & Yorston. The design of this book is a good one, and the exccution reasonably judicious and careful. The unknown compiler has selected twenty-one English novelists of repute from De Foe to Miss Mitford, and has given one or two specimens of the style of each, with an outline of the stories from which the extracts are borrowed. Thus the book not only has a special value for the opportunity it offers to compare different schools of fiction, but is an entertaining companion for the desultory reader. Entertainment, we suspect, rather than instruction, was the purpose of its manufacture, though it serves very well for both. Many distinguished novelists are omitted; but most of them are writers whose works are still in active request; while most of those included in the selections are comparatively little known to the present generation of readers except by reputation. Few now-a-days, for instance, read Samuel Richardson, or Aphra Behn (thank God h, or Robert Pultock's "Adventures of Peter Wilkins," or Beckford, Mackenzie, Galt, Mrs. Shelley, or Mrs, Inchbald. Perhaps we should not be far from the truth if we said that Fielding and Smellett are little better than familiar names to modern bookbuyers, and even the great Mrs. Radcliffe is dreadfully out of fashion." With these and many other dead and gone novelists, the "Episodes of Fiction" give us a more or less intimate acquaintance, improved by short biographical sketches. Among the manifold attractions of the book, not the least important are numerous illustrations on wood by various artists, luxurious type and paper, and a pretty and rather unique style of binding.

PICTURES AND PAINTERS: A selection of Gems of Modern Art, Engraved in Line by Emment Artists, with Descriptive Text by T. Addison Richards. Quarto, Virtue & Yorston.

This large volume is a fair parlor collection of specimens of the work of painters of the last and the present generation, chiefly of the English school. They are chosen not with any idea of presenting a tolerably complete gallery of modern art, or of illustrating the characteristics of any school or any indi vidual artist. These pictures have been selected which will appeal most readily to the popular apprehension and entertain the uncritical eye. Yet among them there is a very large proportion of works of merit. Twenty of Turner's best landscapes and sea scenes, several characteristic figure pieces by Frith. Wilkie, Sant, Goodall, Webster, and others; illustrations of fiction by Leslie, Gilbert, Pickersgill, and Orchardson, a few historical compositions, and miscellaneous specimens, make, upon the whole, a rich and interesting collection. Continental artists are represented by Gustave Doré, from whom we have one of the Tennyson illustrations and steel-plate copies of several Bible cuts; by H. Leys; and by J. Van Eycken. The engraving has been done by various hands and is naturally unequal in merit, most of it being very fair, and only one or two of the pictures very bad. The best is not in the highest style of art. Indeed. if we are not mistaken, the plates have been already used in The London Art-Journal, Mr. T. Addison Richards has increased the interest of the collection by a good descriptive text, which conveys an explanation of each picture and some information. critical and biographical, about the artists.

THE OVERTURE OF ANGELS. By HENRY WARD ELECTRIC. 12mo. pp. 55. J. B. Ford & Co.

The forechosen publishers of Henry Ward Beecher's forthcoming "Life of Christ" have done wisely in selecting from that work a chapter especially appropriate to the Christmas season, and sending it forth alone in a dainty and befitting garb. They tell us in their advertisement that they do so not only because the chapter in question is peculiarly harmonious with the Advent season, but because they expect it to arouse an interest in the coming book, and stimulate a quick sale. This is a degree of frankness to which we are not accustomed in publishers' prefaces, but we like ft. Both their reasons are good ones. Mr. Beecher's theme in "The Overture of Angels" is the "movement and holy ecstacy in the Upper Air" which preceded the birth of our Savior. He treats it with a poetical eloquence, refined by good taste and devout feeling. He approaches the sacred parrative with the reverence of a believer in its literal truth, and does not conceal his dislike for the rationalistic school of criticism which "takes from the New Testament its supernatural element, rubs out the wheat and eats the chaff." His volume covers not only the appearance of the angelic host to the shepherds of Bethlehem, but the birth of John the Baptist, the annunciation, the visit of Mary to Elizabeth, and the journey of the wise men from the East. It is beautifully printed on thick tinted paper, with red line borders, and two or three fittle drawings by Fenn.

FROM YEAR TO YEAR. A Token of Remembrance, Edited by ALICE and PHOEBE CARY. 12mo. pp. 312, George A. Leavitt.

This is a gift book similar in outward garb to Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard's "Remember," which we noticed a little while ago. It belongs to a class of annuals which has been nearly driven out of existence by over-production, but a good specimen now and then still makes an appearance, and the good specimens are always welcome. To this volume Miss Alice Cary contributes the opening story, called "The Grand House and its Owner," and the poem of Speaking Eyes." What further share she may have had in the composition, and how much we may attribute to the graceful pen of her sister, we have no means of knowing, as a large part of the book is anonymous. The various articles seem to have been collected and arranged with excellent taste, poems and short stories mingling on nearly equal terms. We have a sketch by Mr. Whittier, a story of Siberian life by Col. T. W. Knox, a tale by Tom Hood, poetry by W. W. Story, George Arnold, and others, and much else that is good as well as amusing. The

the pink-tinted paper, the gilt edges, and the pink watered silk covers ought to make up for all mechanical defects and persuade every well-regulated young lady to take the book at once to her heart.

TING A LING. By FRANK R. STOCKTON. Illustrated by E. B. Benseil. Small etc. pp. 137. Hurd & Houghton Mr. Stockton has given us in this pretty volum four original fairy-tales, which will be read with delight by boys and girls, and are quite funny enough to be heartily enjoyed by grown-up people. He dedicates them gratefully "to the memory of all good giants, dwarfs, and fairies," and it is evident that they have been inspired by pleasant recollections of many an old marvelous tale, though the incidents are fresh, and the style is decidedly original. The spirit of the book we may say is drawn in about equal proportions from the old-fashion French fairy stories and the wonders of the Arabian Nights; but its distinguishing merit is in its magnificent absurdities and anachronisms, and the inimitably delicate and respectful manner in which it burlesques the very style of literature of which it is itself a successful example. Mr. Stockton's nice sense of humor in this peculiarly American vein will commend his stories to many readers who think themselves quite too old to be entertained with fays, giants, and magicians. The illustrations by E. B. Bensell reproduce faithfully the fun of the text. In further commendation it is only necessary to say that the volume is printed in the best style of the Riverside press.

THE POEMS OF EMMA C. EMBURY. First Collected Edition. 16mo. pp. 368. Hurd & Houghton. Although this is not designed strictly as a holiday book, it appears in a style of such elegance that it will find favor with the buyers of Christmas gifts, and may appropriately be noticed in this place. The school of poetry to which the writings of the estimable Mrs. Embury belong has nearly passed away, and we certainly would be sorry to revive it; but her mild, melodious verses have merit of a certain kind, and in their day have enjoyed so much popularity that we do not wonder at their being collected in the present form. Sensibility to the beauties of nature, the domestic affections, and religious impulses, are the characteristics of her gentle muse; and though the taste of the present generation demands stronger fare than she furnished, she has left a good deal which is certainly worth preserving,

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

If the writers of stories the scenes of which are to be laid in poor and disreputable localities, and peopled with characters to match, were a little wiser than most of them are, they would imagine the sort of life they intend to depict as happening in London, or Paris, or almost anywhere except at our own doors. Poverty and crime are much the same everywhere, no doubt, but the poverty and crime which we behold every day of our lives affect us differently from the misery and the deviltry that we read about over the water. There is a spell in such names as St. Giles and the Seven Dials which never attaches, so far as we are concerned, to the Five Points and Mackerelville. It may be true, as Lord Houghton says, that

"A man's best things lie nearest him, Lie close about his feet,"

but it is certainly not true of his worst things, at any rate, for the purposes of Piction, which is much more at home in the Unknown than the Known. To sum up the matter, in the words of the poet just quoted, "It is the distant and the dim, That we are sick to greet."

If Mr. Horatio Alger, jr., had been sufficiently aware of this fact, and wise enough to have been influenced by it, he would not have written his last story, "Rough and Ready" (Loring), precisely as it stands now, or rather, he would not have written the series to which it belongs as he has done. For, of course, it is one of a series-the fourth-with two more to follow next year. "Rough and Ready" is a New-York newsboy of the stock type, his mother being dead, his father-no, stepfather-addicted to idleness and bad whisky, and his little sister Rose left in les charge. Guessing by instinct the politics of his enstomers, he is amazingly smart in working off his papers, and a very Savings Bank of a boy in hoarding up his dividends. He goes snacks with indigent bootblacks, and is valiant enough to rescue a rich banker from the clutches of two burglars, whom he dashes to the pavement with a bat, purchased for that express purpose! He absconds with his sister, whom he persuades a poor seamstress to lodge, board, and instruct at his cost, a sproceeding which his step-parent does not approve of. So the latter steals the child, and hides her away in Brooklyn. A virtuous young boot-black "interviews" this disreputable old kidnapper, whom he is fortunate enough to find drunk in the street, and helps him to his boarding-house, where Rose is concealed. "Rough and Ready" finds her as she is begging on a Fulton Ferry boat, and takes her back to the needy seamstress. In the end his virtue and his bravery are rewarded, for he is taken into the banking-house of the rich merchant already mentioned. at a salary of \$8 a week. This is all there is of "Rough and Ready." But not all there is to be of him: for is he not one of a numerous family, as Ragged Dick, Mark the Match Boy, Ben the Luggage Boy, &c.? And have we not left him environed by the perils of Wall-st.7 There will assuredly be more of him, if Mr. Alger lives to write, and we to

-If History has a habit of repeating itself, as we are told, the history of children's books is as repetitions just now as the Democratic vote of this city. We have a whole race of writers at work for our children, most of whom are in the midst of serials, the end of which is not yet. They are published by the box full, six being the average number of volumes in a box. Mr. Alger, as we have noticed, is four deep in his "Ragged Dick Series," and the Rev. Elijah Kellogg is also four deep in his "Elm Island Stories," of which the latest instalment, "The Boy Farmers of Elm Island," is published by Messrs. Lee & Shepard. Judging it as an episode in a larger work, we find it tolerably entertaining, and if we need the lesson implied in the celebrated remark of the late Samuel Patch, of diving memory, viz., "that some things can be done as well as others," it will, without doubt, strengthen us in the determination to be industrious, and to get and save money. It is refreshing, from an economic point of view, to see how much was made out of a raft of lumber which Capt. Rhines and some of his neighbors took to Cuba, and out of the brig, if it was a brig, which was purchased with the proceeds, and laden with sugar and molasses. The crew had "ventures" of their own (as they used to have, and perhaps do still, in New-England), which they sold on their return, to great advantage, particularly the lads of the party, who intrusted theirs to a lad of their acquaintance, to retail for them, on shares, in an old grist-mill. Equally refreshing, agriculturally, is the success which attended some of these youths in farming, making maple sugar, shooting geese, etc. It is astonishing how renumerative these undertakings always prove-in stories; so very astonishing, at times, it is a pity we are not all living in story-land. say, on Elm Island, among Mr. Kellogg's imaginary parishioners. For who would not rather get rich by farming, than "Scrawl strange words with a barbarous pen," or even such encouraging words as Mr. Kellogg writes, the moral of which may be packed

into the saying of Hamlet, "Thrift, thrift, Horatio." -If all good Americans go to Paris, before or after death, it is but natural that they should desire to know something about it in advance. There are Guide Books enough for Pater and Materfamilias, but such a work as Messrs, Hurd & Houghton have published, under the title of "An American Family in Paris," is a novelty. It may be characterized briefly as a Child's Hand Book, its chief object being to describe the city in general, and its most noted localities in particular, taking in at the same time its environs. The writer professes to perceive the value of accuracy, and while trusting to memory, for such passages of history as are familiar to grown persons, and to the same authority for some local descriptions to which the recollections of more than one visit in Paris have contributed, has consulted such trusty volumes as those of Martin, Thierry, and Madame Campan, besides Smiles's "History of the Huguenots," and White's "Massacre of St. Bartholomew." We are not prepared to youch for the accuracy of the work without more exami-

what we can praise most heartily is the illustrations, of which there are upward of sixty. They embrace everything of consequence that one would care to see in and about Paris-its squares, parks, gardens, arches, churches, public buildings, &c. There are street scenes, and scenes along the Seine; the Place Vendôme; the Boulevard Montmartre; the Similar to "Planting the Wilderness" is "The Cabin fronts, sides, and wings of palaces; the arches of bridges; glimpses of the Jardin des Plantes; the glorious old Notre Dame, the flower and forest of mediæval architecture; the interior of the Hotel de Cluny; the pavilion of Henry IV at St. Germain; the Palace of the Luxembourg; the bed-room of Louis XIV. at Versailles; the Louvre, with its miles of paintings; not forgetting the Dôme des Invalides; and the Toxib of Napoleon I.; the splendors and the triumphs of the Monarchy, the Republic, the Empire; in short, of France for centuries. For what it is-a description of Paris, of which these charming illustrations are the main feature-we can commend this little Hand-Book. -Why imagination should predominate among the

writers of Germany and France, and not among those

of America, might be reasoned out, perhaps, if one had the cariosity and the time to pursue the speculation; but as we have neither to spare just now, we content ourselves with noting the fact, which is painfully apparent in our children's books. The fairy element, which enters so largely into juvenile literature in the Old World, is so rare in the New that its presence is shunned as if it were an evidence of an unsound mind. Indeed, Gradgrind himself, if he were so unfortunate as to have children, could find no fault with the mental pabulum which would be offered them here, and now. Once in a long while he might be disappointed in his passion for facts, as we should have been-did we belong to his familywith "Nidworth, and His Three Magio Wands" (Roberts Brothers), in which there is not one fact from beginning to end. Not one, that is, of the Gradgrind pattern, although regarded from an they tell us, but we should never guess the fact, if intellectual point of view this delightful little story is one great fact throughout. It is the history of two poor people, unto whom was born a boy, Nidworth, for whom they have the privilege of making three wishes that are certain to be fulfilled. So, in their blindness and ignorance, desiring his happiness and their own, they wish that he may have the power of turning everything that he touches with his wand into gold. This Midaslike gift failing to accomplish what they expect, they wish next that he may become at once a great scholar and a wise man. This also failing, there is but one wand left-a plain little wand, with the word 'Love" on it. The adventures of Nidworth, and his stands a man with a wonderfully foreshortened left parents, and brothers, and sisters, as the three wands are tried, one after the other, is the substance of the tale, the moral of which is that riches and learning may not make us happy, but that Love always will. This is an old story, of course, but it is one which we must all learn for ourselves, and which no child can learn too soon. It is well taught in "Nidworth," which is written with much grace and good feel-

ing, and with gleams of real, imaginative power. -It was Stella, we think, who on one occasion, when Swift was being praised for his books, said, with some bitterness, "The Dean can write beautifully about a broomstick." There are not many Englishmen to whom Stella's remark would apply, and its truth in Swift's case was probably owing to his Celtic blood. At any rate, the faculty of writing well on trivial subjects is common only among the Celtic races. The French have it in perfection, the least as well as the greatest. Here, for example, is "A Little Boy's Story," translated by Howard Glyndon from the French of Julie Gourand, and published by Hurd & Houghton. We have read it through, every word, and now that it is finished it puzzles us to tell what it is about. As we remember, it is the history of two French children, a boy named Henri, who is supposed to relate his own story, and his sister Marguerite, whose pet name is Margoton. They do nothing remarkable that we can recall-learning their lessons, amusing themselves with play, having their petty quarrels and enormous reconciliations,-living, in short, as children do the world over. Whence then, the charm which we felt while reading their meventful lives? We can no more tell than we can tell how children lose themselves, as they do, in that wonderful world of things, where a stick of candy is better than a scepter, and a battered doll more beautiful than a fairy queen. But the use of it?

"O, to what uses shall we put The wildweed flower that simply blows? And is there any moral shut Within the bosom of the rose?"

Of the illustrations for this agreeable volume we can speak with more positiveness, as most of them are excellent, the little head and tail-pieces to the different chapters being especially noticeable for their spirit and variety.

We can speak more positively of "Moody Mike," by Frank Sewall, (J. B. Lippincott & Co.,) in which there is nothing that resembles a charm in the remotest degree. We don't know who Mr .- or possibly Master-Sewall is, but he is evidently a novice. who has not yet learned the art of destroying his manuscript. There is nothing in "Moody Mike" be yond one boy's hating another, and inflicting a se rious injury upon him one Christmas eve, which in jury, and the long sickness that followed it, was such a lesson to the hater that he became good. We have no dislike to goodness, that we know of, but when it comes to goodyness we are not so sure of ourselves. At any rate we would keep such goodyness as this where it belongs, if it belong anywhere, certainly, and where it would be less mawkish than | Life, Passion, Death, and Resurrection of our Lord in print, and that is in the nursery of the smallest children.

-" The Lattle Nortons," by Mrs. Clara Barnes Martin (Loring, Short and Harmon, Portland), is as de lightful in its way as "A Litle Boy's Story," difference between it and that agreeable idyl of child life, is the difference that exists between life in America and life in France, the one appearing pro saic to us, lecause we are familiar with it, poetic, because we only know it through books. The Nortons are an ordinary New-England family, one Summer of whose life in the country is here narrated. Nickleby," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Great Exthe young plks and their playmates being the heroes pectations," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "David Copperof the story, which is made up of such little episodes as | field," and "Dombey and Son," (the humorous may be supposed to attend a pic-nic, a couple of children being lost in the woods, the swarming of bees, etc., with a wedding at the end. This is all there is of it, except the pleasant home-feeling, which cannot be analyzed, and the freshness which breathes through a bit of natural writing. Mrs. Martin, who appears to love children and to have observed them carefully, shows considerable skill in drawing childish character, and a talent for natural description that is worth cultivating. The book is prettily got up, the illustrations being above the average.

-"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

The line has a good sound, like many of Dryden's but experience has long since shown that there is no truth in it. The "noble savage" is a myth. He has been an interesting one, however, to poets and romancers, or we should have had no Yamovdens and Songs of Himcatha, and no Leather Stocking Tales; and if there wasnot still some interest in the notion, or in refuting it, we should probably not have had three recent juveniles. Two belong in a set, "The Frontier Series," nov in the course of preparation by different writers (Lee & Shepard), and in due time to be published for the edification of our children. First we have "Planting the Wilderness," by James D. Mc-Cabe, jr. This is the history of a Virginia farmer. who, just before the breaking out of the Revolution, emigrated with his family from Loudon County to the banks of the Ohio, then a wilderness, where he built himself a log cabin, and proceeded to cultivate the virgin soil. The region was swarming with Indians, and the life lediby the settlers was one of constant excitement and danger, the men carrying their guns with them into the fields, the women keeping guard at home with doors barricaded, while the children made themselves bandy with whatever weapons they could collect. The sharp crack of a rifle in the woods, and a red skin tumbled from behind a tree with a bullet in his brain; the whizzing of a tomahawk, and some incantious hunter was disabled, and scalped before he knew it. Cattle were stolen, cabins were fired, and the whites would run for the nearest fort, where they would be besieged by their wary foes. "Planting the Wilderbas won no little popularity as a graceful essayist, engravings cannot be particularly commended; but | nation than we can at present bestow upon it; but | ness' abounds in adventures of this sort, which are

narrated with a spirit that will commend them to boys, who, as a rule, are not to be terrified by the terrible. They will sympathize with John Oxenford and his friend Dan, in their exploits and dangers, and even have a tear to spare for Bill, the hunter, who dies at last, after baffling the Indians for years, on the Prairie," by the Rev. C. H. Pearson, though its scenes are laid considerably further West, and the time is nearer our own. It is occupied with the fortunes of the Jones family, the children of which are remarkably clever for the work they have to do, which is to bear hardships with good humor, and be on the look out for Indians. We have the usual dramatis persona of frontier stories. The father, who has emigrated in order to better his condition, and is sullenly discouraged because it is worsened; the mother, who keeps up a brave heart, in spite of poverty and sickness; the good missionary, who, we hope, is not a myth; and any number of ired-skins, only one of whom, a young brave, named Longhair, is friendly to the whites. They beleaguer the Jones cabin; the father is wounded, two of the children are missing, and for a time it is doubtful whether any of the family will escape with life. They are rescued, however, by a company of soldiers, led thither by Longhair; and the missing children are finally discovered, hidden away in the cabin which they had defended after it was abaudoned. Finale: Young Tom Jones en route for the East to be made into a missionary!

-If we have not had enough of the reds and the whites, here is a third book, "White and Red," by Helen C. Weeks, (Hurd & Houghton,) which will probably satisfy us for the present. It is, briefly, a narrative of life among the Northwest Indians, turning upon the adventures of a little boy and his mother as they journey westward, and as they are beginning to settle down in their new home. The Indians are passing away, it be one, from this book, for we find them as plentiful in it, as in "Planting the Wilderness," one hundred years ago. They have lost a little of their ferocity, perhaps, but are as treacherous, as dirty, and as superstitious as of old. Among the illustrations are two of medicine-men, one of which old humbugs is beating his drum over a sick papoose, while the other is deafening a young girl who appears to be in the last stages of a decline. The mention of illustrations reminds us that we have never seen anything like the eight in "White and Red," the handiwork of A. P. Close. We desire to call attention to the third cartoon of this great master, where arm, and where a pair of spirited steeds accomplish the difficult feat of drawing a heavy baggage wagon without wheels. Not less remarkable is the next chef d'œuvre, which ought to have gone into Mr. Alger's volume as an illustration of the "heavy villain" of the Bowery. Our verdict in regard to these little contributions to the literature of the "noble savage" is best expressed in the language of one of our Western generals, who had a habit of nipping him in the bud, as Sir Boyle Roche did his rat, "Kill 'em all! Nits make lice!"

-We forget in what century of the Christian Era the Indians discovered the Norseman (or was it the other way?) but we should not have to confess this deplorable ignorance of ours if we had not supped so full of horrors as not to be able to read " Erling the Bold," by R. M. Ballantyne (J. B. Lippencott & Co.), which would, no doubt, have settled the question for us. It is, the title-page states, "a tale of the Norse sea-kings," and is founded, the author assures us, on information conveyed in that most interesting work by Snorro Sturleson, "The Heimskringla, or Chomicles of the Kings of Norway," as translated from the Icelandic by Mr. Samuel Laing, and in other sources of Norse lore, not forgetting the old saga of "Burnt Njal." This is the extent of our knowledge of "Erling the Bold," who was so associated in our minds with the "noble savage" that we had no desire to pursue the acquaintance. We tried the pictures, to see what we could make out of them (they are drawn by the writer, who cannot draw), but the fights of the sea-kings with each other got so mixed up with the skirmishes of the Indians with the whites, grim dragon-ships becoming besieged forts, arrows, tomahawks, and the like, that we gave up in despair. Not to be unjust, however, to Mr Ballantyne (who is not responsible for our cloyed mental appetites), we will state in conclusion that he is a favorite writer for the young in England, and here also.

-The author of "Dream Children" understands the character of boys and girls, and knows how to entice them to wisdom and virtue so gently that they have no suspicion how much they are learning, and believe they are only to be amused. The skillful hand which we admired so much in that book shows its accustomed power in Stories from my Attic just published by Hurd & Houghton. We cordially recommend it as both useful and entertaining.

-The Fairy Egg (Fields, Osgood & Co.) is a new rendering by "Three Friends," of some quaint stories from Mother Goose, meant for the little ones, but better fitted to beguile a weary hour for older people who need relaxation and have not forgotten their childhood. The stories are charmingly illustrated by one of the friends, Miss Lucy Gibbons.

-The Catholic Publication Society reissues in sep arate volumes a Pictorial Bible History for the young, edited by the Rev. Henry Formby and printed in London. One volume, devoted to The Jesus Christ, is now ready. It consists almost wholly of an abridged harmony of the Gospels, given in the words of the sacred text, the Donay version of course being followed. The wood-cuts are profuse in number and, for the purpose, of good quality.

-Mr. W. Eliot Fette, a Philadelphia schoolmaster. has performed an excellent work for boys and girls in preparing a volume of Dialogues from Dickens for School and Home Amusement (Lee & Shepard). They are all short, they adhere closely to the words of the original, they are chosen from "Pickwick," "Nicholas scenes having the preference), and they are enriched by stage directions, a schedule of dresses, an index. and other useful appliances. Mr. Fette has earned the substantial gratitude of the rising generation, and we hope he will get it.

-"Vieux Monstache" has been one of the most popular writers for 'the Riverside Magazine, and in his new book, Two Eires in One, will have the advantage of appealing to a wide circle of readers who are al ready his friends. He tells here the story of a boy who runs away from home at the age of seven, has a fall which blots out the memory of his parents, his name, his whole past except the Lord's Prayer and his sister Daisy: is brought up by thieves, becomes a cir ons rider, keeps, however, his original goodness, and when he has been restored to the recollection of his childhood by a second fall and a brain fever, finds his way home, none the worse for his years of wandering and low adventure. Of course it is not at all natural, but it is full of interest, and we do not believe it will do the young people any harm.

-It is perhaps superfluous to commend any book of Oliver Optic's to the attention of young gentlemen, for the popularity of that industrious writer is as wide as our free and glorious country and as firmly established as the Constitution of the United States. We shall content ourselves with saying that the first series of his "Young America Abroad," purpurporting to tell the adventures of the Naval Academy students on a foreign cruise, has just been brought to a close by the publication of the sixth volume, entitled Down the Rhine (Lee & Shepard). It is full of adventure, which would please us much better if the author were more careful of his grammar and less addicted to the shocking habit of calling a boy a "party"-which we consider only a little less vulgar than eating gravy with a knife.

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